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WHOLE NUMBER 378.

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Entered at the Post Office at Stanford, Ky., as Second-Class Matter, March 1, 1878.

OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE.

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Printed at the Interior Journal.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
LUKE P. BLACKBURN,
OF Boone County.

FOR LT. GOVERNOR,
JAMES E. CASTELL,
OF Boone County.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
P. W. HARDIN,
OF Mercer County.

FOR AUDITOR,
FAYETTE HEWITT,
OF Madison County.

FOR TREASURER,
JAMES H. TATE,
OF Franklin County.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF LAND OFFICE,
RALPH SIKKINS,
OF Madison County.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

Mr. Kroeger was tranquilly eating his breakfast a few mornings ago, when his boy broke the silence by asking him for fifty cents to go to the minstrels with that night. Mr. Kroeger promptly refused on the ground of hard times.

Mr. Kroeger's boy is more than an ordinary boy, and when he sets his heart on having anything he generally succeeds in getting it; so when his father refused to comply with his request, he moved over by his mother and said:

"I guess I'll tell ma what the cook said to you last night."

Mrs. Kroeger's eyes flashed like two balls of fire.

"You're a nice man!" she said sarcastically, "to come home and get me and kiss me and call me your little down-gummed tulip, and then go and receive the caresses of the cook."

"You miserable, frog-eyed runt!" For two pins I'd go over there and rake the eyes out of you!"

"I shall," announced the Lord of the manor, when his wife broke in—

"Oh, yes—I'll tell you," and turning suddenly to the boy, she demanded an explanation of the whole affair.

"Will you give me fifty cents?" he asked.

"Yes," she responded, "what did she say to him?"

"Give me the fifty cents first!" said young hopeful, "I'm opening the year on the C. O. D. principle."

He soon had the money, and relieved his mother by telling:

"Last night the cook came up to papa, and got pretty close to him, and—"

"Oh! you wretch!" hissed Mrs. Kroeger.

"And," continued the boy, "when she had got pretty close to him she smiled very sweetly and said:

"Then the boy moved cautiously toward the door, and his mother yelled: 'Come, sir, out with it!'

"When the cook got pretty close to him, she whispered—"

"Mr. Kroeger, the potatoes are getting very low, and you had better get another barrel in a day or two."

And then the boy went out the door as fast as possible, while his mother sank into a chair. Mr. Kroeger lifted the morning paper before his face to veil the smile which made it look like a calcium light.—[N. Y. Dispatch.]

A Dangerous Phlegm.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Herald-Union says: "An uptown store keeper has been the proprietor of a young skunk, a diminutive affair, as gentle and playful as a kitten first beginning to frisk about, it having been brought to him from the country by a ranchman who was hauling wood for him. For several days it was the pet of the establishment, not being considered dangerous, owing to its youth. It took kindly to any and every body who had a kind word or a little delicacy to offer it, and its owner was greatly pleased with its acquisition. Matters stood thus until a large Newfoundland dog, possessed of an extraordinary antipathy to cats, happened to enter the door and catch sight of the new pet. Taking it for a kitten, he dashed in pursuit. They raced a few yards, but suddenly the skunk sprang upon his owner's lap, faced the dog and winked his tail toward him. The dog did not stay on the order of his going, but ran out with his tail between his legs; the skunk was dashed down and killed; the grower had to burn his clothes, and the store has not got over the fumigation yet."

The man who believes he can move the world should begin by wheeling West Va.—[Detroit Free Press.]

And the man who regards the sword as the great corrective power of the State should begin by lancing Michigan.—[N. Y. Mail.]

And the man who would put himself on Pennsylvania should begin by reading Pennsylvania.—[Hartford Times.]

A Georgia Judge's Way of Enforcing the Law.

Georgia has a stringent pistol law. The penalty is forfeiture of the pistol, a fine of fifty dollars, and, at the discretion of the court, imprisonment for thirty days. A short time after this law went into effect, Judge Lester was holding court in North Georgia, and right in the midst of a trial of a case, he asked the attorney to suspend a few moments, and told the sheriff to lock the court-house door and let no man pass out without permission from him. Then said the said the Judge, in his firm, decided way:

"Gentlemen, I saw a pistol on a man in this room a few moments ago, and I can not reconcile it to my sense of duty as a peace officer to let such a violation of the law pass unnoticed. It may be that it is my duty to go before the grand jury and indict him, but if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol on a fine of one dollar down here, I will let him off this time, otherwise I will go before the grand jury and testify against him."

The Judge paused a moment, and an attorney who was sitting down just before the stand got up, slipped his hand in his hip pocket, drew out a neat ivory-handled Smith & Wesson six-shooter, and laid it on a dollar down before the Judge.

"This is all right," remarked the Judge, "but you are not the man that I saw with the pistol."

Thereupon, a large man just outside the bar walked around, ran his hand in his bosom, and drawing out a huge old navy pistol, laid it on a dollar on the stand.

"I declare," exclaimed the Judge, "it doesn't beat all! You have done right, my friend, but you are not the man I saw with the pistol."

This process went on until nineteen pistols and nineteen dollars were lying on the Judge's stand. Then there was a pause, and it appeared as if the crowd was pretty well disarmed; at least, if not, their owners did not seem disposed to give them up.

"Gentlemen," resumed the Judge, "there are nineteen persons who have acted like men in this business, but the man that I saw with the pistol has not come yet; and now," continued he, pulling out his watch, and looking toward the corner of the court-room, "I will give him one minute to accept my proposition, and if he does not do it in that time, I will point him out and order the sheriff to take him into custody."

Immediately two men from the back part of the room began to move toward the Judge's stand. Once they stopped and looked at each other, and then coming slowly forward, laid down their pistols and dollars. As they turned to leave, the Judge said: "This man with the black whiskers is the one that I saw with the pistol." Then Judge Lester gave a short lecture upon the cowardly, foolish habit of carrying concealed weapons, and assured his audience that in the future the law would be strictly enforced. The court proceeded with its regular business, and it is needless to add that in that county the habit of carrying concealed weapons was broken up.—[Nashville American.]

A Good Deal to a Niece.

The Presbyterian General Assembly at Louisville, Ky., last week, was stirred by a vigorous attempt to bring the organization down to the use of language within the comprehension of common people. There is a Committee on Sustentation. Worriedly-minded people naturally infer that the Committee on Sustentation must be a committee charged with the great duty of obtaining board for clergymen at reduced rates, or something of that sort. Sustentation in the common mind is associated with victuals and drink. Stung with this ever-recurring popular error, the Chairman of the Committee on Sustentation, in submitting his annual report, embodied therein a powerful and touching appeal to the General Assembly to change the name of the Committee on Sustentation to Committee on House Missions. This petition seems reasonable. The plain and homely appellation, Committee on House Missions, does not sound so grand and imposing as Committee on Sustentation, but the more homely title seems likely to attract a great many more nickels to the collection boxes. In fact, it would naturally be inferred that the motto of plain people would be—"Millions for house missions; not a cent for sustentation."—[Detroit Post and Tribune.]

She came into the emporium, (I think I see her yet) and told the clerk in dulcet tones, she wished a statuette. And then the clerk just flew around, for every statue he could get; but gave it up at last and said, "We've dry ones plenty, but no statue wet."

The Widows of India.

It is an appalling fact that there are in India to-day, eighty thousand widows between the ages of six and sixteen! From the custom of early marriages in India arise the worst features of Hindu widowhood; for many a child becomes a widow before she has reached the age of seven years. It may be that the child has never lived with her husband, and yet custom forbids her ever marrying again. From the hour of her widowhood her life becomes one of misery. She has no sympathy from friends, not even from members of her own family. She is bereft of all her ornaments; her hair is cut off. She is clothed in the commonest apparel, and acts in the capacity of a menial for all the household. Her jewelry, which she valued so much in the days of her pride, are no longer on her person. She can never wear them again, never wear a nice dress, or eat other than a given quantity of food. She seldom mingles or is allowed to mingle in the company of her more fortunate sisters. Her presence is considered a contamination. We cannot depict her misery. Her condition is almost hopeless. A childless widow, herself perhaps a child, drinks to its dregs the bitterest cup of a soulless heathenism, whose only fate is law.

There was a time when many such preferred death to life, and the widow abandoned her home and earthly connections, and committed herself to the flames upon the dead body of her husband. This practice was abolished years ago, although there are occasionally instances of it even in these days. Her life is thus spared, but the sentence upon her brow has only been commuted. A recent act of the British Government has rendered the re-marriage of widows lawful, and she is now no longer doomed to perpetual widowhood, yet custom and prejudice prevent this act from rapidly taking effect, but it will make its power felt in softening the lot of the Hindu widow.

How different the teachings of Christianity: "Ye shall not afflict a widow." "Let thy widows trust in me."

Teachers Should Stimulate Inquiry.

The rousing of the spirit of inquiry that may, at least, go out in some directions; is the special work of every teacher of morals and religion. Let him who doubts this consider how Jesus taught. He taught not dogmatically, to be sure; but he also mightily stimulated the questioning faculties of those who heard him. He had the divine method of enigma. He half-concealed and half-revealed truth, as God does in nature. His method He wove the mind to ask questions which should be earnest, burning questions into the very marrow and heart of truth. These are, however, the very kind of questions which the average man will not ask, concerning moral and religious truth. We have quite enough of captious, gossiping inquiry. This is inquiry as to who said so, and who believes my brother, and what will do for me to believe, and, believing, how shall I thrive best?—[Sunday Afternoon.]

One Mr. Martin was conductor on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and North railroad. He is a church member and puts his faith in the Lord. He arose in a revival meeting at Pottsville the other evening, and told what the Lord had done for him. Among other things, he said that he ran his caboose car from Cedar Rapids to Pottsville without a fange on one wheel. He had faith that the Lord would keep the caboose on the track, and He did. It was not long after that he received an epistle from C. J. Ives, General Superintendent, which began thus: "Young man, I don't believe the Lord has anything to do with running freight trains; and now Martin has no caboose to trust in the Lord."

PAPER CARPETS.—They are making paper carpets in England to imitate parquet flooring. The paper is printed in patterns to represent different woods from photographs, so that the resemblance is quite perfect. The floor is first prepared by being made perfectly level and the crevices filled up with plaster of Paris; over the surface, as thus prepared, hemlin is stretched, and on this first lining paper and then patterned paper is pasted, the whole being finished with a coating of a peculiar kind of varnish, described as wonderfully hard, and wear-resisting. It is said that this kind of carpeting can be kept clean easily and will wear like iron.

A newly married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. "Oh you should see some of his love letters." "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk." Tableau

What to Do with Murderers.

It has often been said that hanging is the worst way to which a man can be put. A peculiar social economist in Boston has advanced a novel proposition for dealing with murderers, who can be made, he thinks, to serve humanity far better than by execution. He deposed ordinary capital punishment because it is a waste and destruction of valuable forces and energies, which should be conserved. Alluding to the fact that a finger entirely severed from the hand, accidentally or otherwise, may grow again if replaced in a season, held in position and skillfully treated to the practice in surgery of skin grafting, and to transfusion of blood from strong to weak, he argues that a healthy eye could, with the observation of proper conditions, be engrafted on the muscles and nerves that had been cut from a diseased or imperfect eye. Instead of sending a murderer to the gallows, he would turn him over to physicians and surgeons, if he were sound and vigorous, to be used for the corporal benefit of suffering humanity. He would give the culprit's eyes, fingers, toes, skin, teeth, scalp, or whatever might be made available, to those who needed them, removing them under the influence of anesthetics. If the murderer should die it would be no more than his doom, and he would be by his death a benefactor to his race instead of, as now, a demoralizing example. How men of great life would like to be furnished with criminal fragments and features, is a point he does not touch upon. He has not, probably, even read about the story of the "Notary's Nose," and of the continual mishaps which befall him through refractory feature obtained from the arm of an eccentric water carrier.—[N. Y. Times.]

Georgia's Wonder.

There is a wonderful freak of nature about six miles north-east of Gainesville, Ga., which is commonly known as the Devil's Mill Hopper. This curiosity is a large sink in the earth, covering an area of perhaps four acres around the top, which gradually becomes smaller in circumference as you descend, being one hundred and fifty feet below the earth's surface. Having effected the descent of the steep walls of rock, a body of water is approached which is, perhaps, five hundred feet in circumference, probably less in dry weather. Into this sheet of water is a continual flow of ten or twelve good-sized streams from the crevices of the rock wall surrounding. Around this wall is a large growth of the various kinds of trees grown in Florida—oak, ash, hickory, bay, and also a thick undergrowth of ferns and mosses.

SELIING A CITY.—The city of Altoona, Blair county, Pa., has 20,000 inhabitants, but there is no money in the city treasury, and it owes a debt to the State for corporation taxes of \$4,208,100. The State has obtained judgment, and has notified the authorities of the city that unless the debt is immediately paid, the city shall be sold to satisfy it. Lockhaven and Sunbury, it is reported, are in like case with Altoona, and must be knocked down to the highest bidder. This power of the State of Pennsylvania to sell its delinquent cities is a peculiar one, and grows out of the fact that the State lays taxes only on corporations of the different sort within its borders.

THE GREAT RAILROAD YEAR.—The year 1879 will be one of the greatest in railroad annals in this country. Before it passes into history the entire aspect of Western traffic will have been entirely changed. The bitter struggle which is now going on between the trunk lines is only a preliminary skirmish. When the contestants go into battle in hard earnest the air will be thick with new movements, alliances, and counter-alliances. The year will mark the beginning of the new era in railroad building, and there is not a section of the West having any claims whatever for consideration which may not hope for a railroad connection with the outer world.—[Denver Tribune.]

Peer, who jumped from the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, several days ago, wore a rubber life preserver, to lessen the depth of his penetration into the water; a sponge over his mouth and nostrils, to prevent water from being forced into them; and thick cloth over his feet and legs, to protect them from concussion. A brass wire, attached to his shoulders, was reeled out as he fell, with just enough tension to keep him in an upright position. To strike the water twice would be certain death. Peer dropped 192 feet in four seconds. He was exceedingly nervous just before the feat, and it was thought his courage had given out.

Hanging is too good for a fifteen-cent chromo.

Rapidly of Thought in Dreaming.

A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as time are also annihilated, so that almost while an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more awfully than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreamed that he enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparation a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had at the same moment produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and awaking in the night, found that had not been in bed ten minutes.

WHITEWASH INSIDE AND OUT.—Slake one peck of lime, and while hot, and at the thickness of cream, add a pint of linseed oil and a quarter pound of dissolved glue. Let it stand a half day before using. This, for interior walls, is far superior to simple lime and water. It is also first rate for outdoor work, though expensive. For buildings, fences, etc., slake clean white, fresh lime under water; add a pound of sulphate of zinc to every peck of lime, and a half pound of salt. The addition of yellow ochre will make it a cream color, and lamp-black a gray shade. These coloring ingredients are not expensive. The lamp-black should be dissolved in vinegar before mixing it.

A NOTE OF WARNING.—An income tax is one of the most hateful of all methods for supporting a Government. It is an odious imposition. Freemen will not tolerate it. It is a measure only fit to be identified with a despotic form of government. In fact, it is of itself a despotism to be abhorred, and is inconsistent with the self-respect of men who would be really free. The Democratic party has all it can do to elect a President next time if it keeps steadily on in its good behavior. A little seasoning of the coat with secession sentiment or unconstitutional taxes will decide the election in favor of the Republicans.—[New York Sun (Dem.)]

Dr. Leroy M. Lee took breakfast with the Rev. A. G. Brown, of Clay street church, Monday morning. Bro. Lee shut his eyes, and began, "Make us thankful for what we are about to receive, and give us other and better bread [spiritual] than this." As the yeast and the cook hadn't done their duty, the "better bread" brought a general laugh, which astonished the Doctor, who never had looked at the "bad" rolls.—[Richmond (Va.) Christian Advocate.]

Query.—If Caldwell has so many pretty girls, why is it that her gallantry comes to Lyon "aparting"? [Edyville Mirror.] Because they are lambs, and want to lie down with the Lyons.

You probably have noticed that a Byever expresses a positive opinion on any subject—no simply speaks so. [Diagram furnished on application.]—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

An Irish crier at Ballinasloe being ordered to clear the court room, did so by this announcement:—"Now, then, all ya blackguards that isn't lawyers must leave the court!"

A New York doctor says that men catch cold through their ankles; but they wouldn't if they looked after their own ankles as anxiously as they look after a pretty girl.

An actress, famous for her eternal youth, is said to preserve her complexion by taking arsenic and retiring at night with a pad of chopped veal on each cheek.

During the year 1878 forty-eight railroads were sold under foreclosure, representing \$151,616, \$700 of capital stock, and \$160,014,500 of bonds and debt.

If the barbed wire fence comes into general use, where is the undecided politician to seat himself?—[Philadelphia Record.]

Men Wanted.

It has been truly said that the great want of the age is men—men of thought; men of action. Men who are honest to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right, if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who tell the truth and look the devil right square in the eye. Men that neither swaggar nor flinch. Men who can have courage without whistling for it, and joy without shouting to bring it. Men through whom the current of life runs still and deep and strong. Men too large for, sectarian limits, and too strong for sectarian bonds. Men who know their measure and tell it. Men who know their duty and do it. Men who know their place and fill it. Men who mind their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor. When in office, in the workshop, in the bank, in every place of trust and responsibility, when we can have such men as these, we shall have a Christian civilization, the highest and best the world ever saw.

A HINT FOR THE POULTRY YARD.—As soon as the newly-hatched chickens are strong enough to handle, say in twenty-four hours after they come from the shell, grease the top of the head with a little lard, repeating the operation at the end of a week. If you can trust yourself to use mercerized ointment, one-fourth as large as a pea, with sufficient lard or oil to grease a brood of chickens, and apply to the head, rubbing it well in. An eminent poultry raiser assures us that chickens treated in this manner never become affected with gapes, provided they are supplied with fresh water and have ordinary good care.—[New York Herald.]

SOOT FOR ROSES.—Collect some soot from a chimney or stove where wood is used for fuel, put into an old pitcher, and pour hot water upon it. When cool, use it to water your plants every few days. The effect upon it is wonderful in producing a rapid growth of thrifty shoots, with large, thick leaves and a great number of richly-tinted roses.

J. R. WARREN & SON,
"P. O. STORE,"

You will find Staple and Fancy Groceries of all kinds at the P. O. Store.

You will find Oranges, Lemons, Dried Apples and Peaches, Prunes, Maple Sugar and Lard at the P. O. Store.

You will find Cheese, Macaroni, Cracked Wheat, Rice, Dried Beef and Canned Goods of every description at the P. O. Store.

You will find Garden Hoes, Rakes, Spading Forks, Hoes and Ax Handles, at the P. O. Store.

You will find Briggs & Bee's, D. M. Ferry & Co's and Detroit Seed Co's Garden Seeds at the P. O. Store.

You will find a Brand-new Lot of Flower Pots, from the smallest to the largest size, at the P. O. Store.

You will find a good assortment of New Mow Baskets at the P. O. Store.

You will find Japanned Bird Cages, Wire Cages and several other kinds of cages at the P. O. Store.

You will find Sheep, Hens, Trunks, Shirts and Knives, Grass Knives and Lawn Mowers at the P. O. Store.

You will find an assortment of Riddles—filled and Riddling, Collars, Hoses, Brass Strings and Trace Chains at the P. O. Store.

You will find Hemp Pickling, Sugar and Cotton Rope and Brown Twine at the P. O. Store.

You will find Butter Cakes and Stagnant of all kinds at the P. O. Store.

You will find Bacon, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Meal, Flour and Potatoes at the P. O. Store.

You will find, in addition to above, a complete stock of Hardware and Cutlery at the P. O. Store.

You will find Water Buckets, Tubs, Bell-Bushes, Helling Pins, Brown and Ax Handles, at the P. O. Store.

You will find several different makes of Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Needles at the P. O. Store.

You will find always ready to give the highest market price for Butter, Eggs, Lard, Bacon, Meal and Flour at the P. O. Store.

You will find that we will always take pleasure in waiting on you when in need of anything in our line, and ask all to give us a call at the P. O. Store.

THE WARM WEATHER IS UPON US

—AND IN OR—

COOL AND COMFORTABLE

—Purchase one of the—

J. WINTER & CO.'S,

Cor. Third and Market

N. B.—Boys and Children's

PROFESSIONAL.

W. H. MILLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

STANFORD, KY.

Will practice in the courts of this and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office in the Court House.

J. R. & H. W. HOCKER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

STANFORD, KY.

Office over Mr. Ashler & Lytle's Store.

S. S. MYERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

STANFORD, KY.

Office with Judge Phillips in the Court House Square.

T. W. VARNON, WALLACE K. VARNON,

T. W. & W. E. VARNON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

STANFORD, KY.

Office in Court Square.

SAM. M. BURDETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

STANFORD, KY.

Office in Court Square.

MT. VERNON, KY.

Will practice his profession in Boone and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections.

L. E. HUFFMAN,

SURGEON DENTIST,

STANFORD, KY.

Having received his Mechanical Apparatus, is now prepared to do work in every branch of his business. ARTIFICIAL TEETH inserted in the most approved style.

ROTELS.

ST. ASAPH HOTEL,

STANFORD KY.

THOS. RICHARDS, Prop'r.

OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FEB. 22d, 1879

FARE, \$2.00 PER DAY.

CENTRALLY LOCATED.

Special Accommodations Afforded to Commercial Travelers.

Baggage Transferred Free of Charge.

MYERS HOTEL,

STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, - Prop'r.

This Old and Well-Known Hotel Still Maintains its High Reputation,

—AND—

Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be Second to no Country Hotel in the State at least each price, merchant's and all kinds of Country Produce. I am agent for the celebrated Fish Bros. Wagons, which I will exchange for Staves, &c. I will receive Staves delivered at Caldwell's Enbank and Palaski Stations.

—LADIES—

Purchasing Agency.

Mrs. JENNIE RICHARDS.

Purchases made at lowest cash prices, merchant's and all kinds of Country Produce. I am agent for the celebrated Fish Bros. Wagons, which I will exchange for Staves, &c. I will receive Staves delivered at Caldwell's Enbank and Palaski Stations.

LOT W. CHRISTIAN STREET.

LOUISVILLE.

SPECIAL NOTICE

—BY—

S. A. MIDDLETON, Tunnel City.

I will pay the highest market price for Staves in Cash or Trade in General Merchandise at the Lowest Prices. Will also take good Flat-Bills, Tanbark, Lumber and all kinds of Country Produce. I am agent for the celebrated Fish Bros. Wagons, which I will exchange for Staves, &c. I will receive Staves delivered at Caldwell's Enbank and Palaski Stations.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, June 6, 1879.

H. P. WILSON, Editor.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR REPRESENTATION FOR LINCOLN CO.,

VIZIA S. GOOCH.

FOR REPRESENTATION FOR LINCOLN CO.,

S. H. BACCHIMAN.

Edw. S. Gooch.

This gentleman, who has been honored by the Democracy of this county with the nomination for Representative, comes from an old and numerous family, who moved from Virginia to the Southern part of this and Lincoln county, more than three generations ago. They are plain, unpretentious, but thrifty farmers, upright in their dealings with their fellow-men and true as steel to the time-honored principles of Democracy. Mr. Gooch, himself, while making no pretensions to a classic education, is a man of fair attainments and is possessed of unusually good common sense. He creditably filled the office of County Surveyor, to which he was elected by the people, for four years, and evinced a business capacity of a high order. Should he be elected, and of course he will be, he will have too much sense to be a hawling blabber, as too many are, but will be at his post at all times to cast an honest vote, mindful ever of the public good, and of the interests of sound Democratic measures. Let's give him an overwhelming majority.

The report had obtained currency that Hon. Henry Watterson had left the Democratic cause in support of Governor Hendricks in an unguarded moment, and was anxious to smooth the matter over, but the following extract from an interview published in the Cincinnati Commercial shows that he is in sober earnest, and gives pretty good grounds for his charges:

I take it that the fully of Governor Hendricks' conduct in the last few months is apparent to every sensible person. He has no more chance of the Presidency, except upon the ticket with Mr. Tilden, than you have. Of all men, his nomination by a National Democratic Convention is impossible. While Mr. Tilden lives, Governor Hendricks has no political effect, and represents no portion quantity, save as Mr. Tilden's pretense, or appendage. This nomination over Mr. Tilden would be such a rebuke, and such an undoubted rebuke, and would create such a schism, and such needless and fatal schism, as no party would dare to face. That Governor Hendricks does not see so plain a case as this, and that he is in a covert, unmanly way to belittle Mr. Tilden, and by detaching himself from the idea represented by them jointly, to make himself the cat's paw of those who seek to overthrow him. In this latter-looking to his own elevation at the expense of his chief—he has played the part of a conspirator. John Kelly is now engaged in an intrigue with the Republicans to secure New York next fall. Governor Hendricks is John Kelly's man, and it matters not how fast or loose the relationship—or how familiar he may be with the details of the scheme—he can not escape the association, and its attendant plan to set aside and disgrace Mr. Tilden. In my opinion of all this I might have used unpolished language. I am sorry on my own behalf that I overstepped the bounds of courtesy. But I am no more proud against the rude promptings of an honest indignation than other men, and am in the least bit of using a vernacular that were better honored in the breach than the observance.

A CAUCUS of the Democratic members of both Houses of Congress, resulted in a plan to send to the President the appropriation bills with restrictions as to the use of the money. There will be three bills. The army bill will prohibit the expenditure of any of the money appropriated for the payment of troops at the polls, or selling in police capacities. The judicial bill which has hitherto been connected with the Legislative and Executive bill will be passed separately, and have clauses in it to repeal the test oath and restrict the use of money for the payment of Deputy Marshals at elections. Should this be vetoed, an independent measure repealing the test oath and providing for the manner in which jurors shall be drawn, will be passed. The legislative and executive bills have no restrictive clauses, and the President will not doubt sign them. The caucus also virtually adopted the proposition to adjourn till the necessary appropriations are made, satisfied that the Stalwarts have so committed themselves in opposition to free elections and for test oaths, that the issue when brought before the people, will crush them out of power forever. We are sorry that our party will have, apparently, to back down, but the cause is just and we must triumph in the end.

It is said that Judge Pryor, of the Court of Appeals, has written to Judge Hargis, to the effect that the other Judges would refuse to set with him unless he brought suit against Col. Thomas M. Green, for libel, and purge himself of his charges. This is eminently proper, and we trust the Court will adhere to such a course.

The Republican State Executive Committee has nominated Hon. Albert H. Clark, of Christian county, to fill the vacancy on the State ticket occasioned by the withdrawal of W. O. Bradley, Esq. He has been County Judge once and knows about as much about law as that class of Judges are required to know.

The Ohio Democratic Convention held their work nobly and well on Wednesday, in the selection of General Thomas Ewing as candidate for Governor. He is an able and liberal man, and has enough of the soft money element in his make-up, to draw largely from the Union League, who have been silly enough to put forward a ticket of their own. Of all the candidates before the Convention, General Ewing is best able to defeat Foster with his backing by the Administration and the Treasury, and the chances are that he will do it, though Ohio is a most uncertain State. Gen. Rice for U. S. Governor, and the rest of the ticket are all good men, and the platform, though lengthy is a capital one.

Gen. Grant will arrive at San Francisco, from his voyage around the world, about the first of July, and his managers are making an effort to have a grand procession from the East to meet him there and bring him back in such a style as will charm all parties into voting for him for President. It is not likely, however, that the boom will be very great, as the price of round trip tickets has been fixed at \$150.

Andrews, Republican, was elected over a Democrat to succeed Judge Hargis, as Criminal Judge.

The Republican Senators have cautioned and now express a willingness to vote to repeal the Jones test oath.

Villie Black, the tobacco merchant, who was shot at his desk by a negro drayman last Friday, died of his wounds on Monday.

During the month of May, the coinage of gold was 29,400 pieces, value, \$739,800, and of silver, 1,300,000 pieces, value, \$1,300,000.

Official returns have been received from all the counties in the First Appellate District which show a majority for Hargis of 3,535.

Etna is in eruption again, new craters forming, streams of lava crawling down upon the neighboring villages, and the population in a panic.

A bill before Congress to reduce the salaries of Congressmen from \$5,000 to \$1,000. The higher salary paid them before the war, was \$5,000.

A bill to allow the old Mexican veterans a pension of \$5 per month has been introduced in Congress, and it is hoped and thought that it will pass.

General James Shields, the hero of two wars, died at Ottumwa, Iowa, last Sunday. He recently filled an unexpired term of six weeks as Senator from Missouri.

The negro, John Bush, who killed Miss VanMeter, in Fayette county, not long since, has been sentenced to be hanged. He claims that the shot was accidental.

Ellen Mead, who dashed a bowl of vitriol into a man's face because he preferred the company of some other woman, has been sentenced to five years in the Penitentiary of New York.

Louisville has decided to sell her stock in the Louisville and Nashville Railroad and apply the proceeds to cutting down the city's debt. She owns 18,500 shares, worth now \$1,125,000.

Cyclones, of a most destructive nature, passed over portions of Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri, last Friday, killing scores of people, leveling many buildings, and severely injuring the crops.

Ex-Governor William Allen, of Ohio, has positively refused to accept the honor of Greenback nomination for Governor of that State, and says he has resolved never to enter political life again.

Ebon S. Ingersoll, Ex-Representative in Congress from Illinois, and brother of Robert Ingersoll, died in Washington last Saturday. The Colonel delivered a peculiarly eloquent and touching oration at the funeral.

Mr. Stephen Shotwell, a woman well known in Louisville society circles, committed suicide by jumping into the Ohio a few days ago. The act is supposed to have been caused by depression of mind over recent pecuniary losses.

Twenty school children in a district in Vermont, drank from a brook that had been poisoned by the carcasses of dead horses, from the effects of which eleven died in a short time, and the others are not expected to recover.

Rogers and Graywood, the Tennessee officials who tortured the negro Jackson, in death, for being too intimate with Rogers' wife, have, we learn from the Mountain Echo, been released on \$5,000 bail. One Pearl, as special Judge, granted it.

The total debt of the United States on the 1st day of June, is set down at \$2,423,714,403. During the month of May, 20 millions of dollars were paid out for arrears of pensions, and one and a quarter millions for river and harbor improvements.

A company with a capital stock of \$100,000 is preparing to build a railroad from Hinton, West Virginia, down New River to Clay Creek, and up that creek some 20 miles, to valuable and property. The name of the road will be New River, Hinton and Clay Creek.

Tun Bush is in training for the Speakership in the next meeting of the Legislature. He is a thoroughbred, and will have many backers. Will Elger beat the Bush or does the quarry, or will Lytleford (broke the star, and Turner over to Elmer?)—(Courier-Journal).

A bill to allow growers of tobacco to sell as much as one hundred dollars' worth in the leaf, without requiring that the purchaser shall be a licensed buyer, was before the House this week. The bill was vetoed by the President, but while it got a majority, it failed of the necessary two-thirds.

The President has sent the name of the Secretary of War, McCarty, for confirmation by the Senate to the Judiciary of the 9th District of the United States, made vacant by the resignation of Judge Dillon.

It is said that Field Marshal Murat Haidstedt, of the Cincinnati Commercial, stands in a fair show for McCarty's old place. It would be a good appointment.

Owing to a severe inflammation of the throat and eyes, Dr. Luke P. Blackburn, candidate for Governor, will not be able to meet Hon. Walter Evans for several weeks. Col. P. W. Harkin, candidate for Attorney General, has, however, agreed to fill Dr. B.'s appointments until his health is restored.—LATER.—Mr. Evans refuses to divide time with any body but the Dr.

ROLYE COUNTY.

Danville.

On Sunday morning, Hattie, daughter of George D. Patterson, in the sixth year of her age.

CYRUS HARTS.—A Fayette county gentleman, will, on the 12th inst., lay claim to the land of one of the handsomest young ladies in Rolye county.

ONE AT LAST.—After the lapse of nearly two months, the Rolye County Clerk issued a marriage license on the 28th ult., to-wit: Permitting the union of Geo. S. Beaudin and Martha A. Allen, of this county.

SOLVING.—The Senior Class of Centre College had made preparations for, and proposed to produce upon the stage during the approaching Commencement season, an interesting classical drama, but latterly the performance was postponed indefinitely, and the "Gilded Club" dissolved by consent, superseded by a higher authority.

SOLD.—The old Caldwell Institute lot on Lexington Avenue has been sold to Mr. Jas. A. Curry, for \$4,000. The tract contains about five acres and is one of the most desirable sites in the town. The debris is being removed, and Mr. Curry will divide the ground into three lots, upon one of which he will soon begin the erection of a modern style residence of handsome design.

RELI SEMINARY.—A very successful session of Bell Seminary will close with Commencement exercises at the First Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday, the 11th inst., at 8 o'clock, P. M. On the preceding Sunday evening, Rev. Thos. W. Vaughan will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class, composed of the following young ladies: Misses Mattie McDowell, Annie Vaughan, Annie Wampler, Katie Duncan, of this place, and Bessie Green, of Mayfield.

PERSONAL.—Gen. S. S. Fry, delivered the oration over the Union soldiers' graves in Mill Springs National Cemetery, on Decoration day.—Samuel O. Boyle is negotiating for the purchase of a prominent Republican newspaper of the State.

The long internecine between the Danville letters, the Anderson News has broken this week. An article on the poisoning of dogs in this locality overcame the humane correspondent. It was a case of anthropophobia; but time will efface.

SCANDAL.—This community has been agitated and harassed of late with rumors of improprieties and acts of a very damaging nature to several ladies and gentlemen. The prevalence of such reports has been of too great frequency during the past two weeks, giving much annoyance and obtaining an credit in the public mind. Such idle gossip is regarded as without foundation in fact. It would be well for those who deal in such matters, to consider the unkind words: "The meanest thing possible in man, is to breathe the breath of scandal against the character of a woman. It is no excuse that so and so, said the mean, low, contemptible thing you are retelling. The base aspersion will tarnish the purest character; a word may blight it forever."

TEN DOLLAR CERTIFICATES.—The arrival of \$15,000 of refunding certificates was the cause of more activity and excitement than has been witnessed in Danville for some time. The purchase policy of the United States Government in its apparent desire to have poor people share in holding its securities, was fully displayed when postmaster were directed to sell no more than ten certificates, or \$100 worth in any one person. The efforts of our banks to keep secret the arrival of the precious package were in vain, and on Wednesday morning nearly the entire population was enlisted by our three banks to purchase, and a most wonderful energy was displayed, either through friendship for the banks or an intense eagerness to be known as a "bonded bondholder" even for a few months. At 9 o'clock, a mass of human flesh was packed in the post office room, the young men and the old men contending for a chance. In two hours time the announcement "all sold" was made. The First National Bank came off the victor, with \$4,100 worth, the other two banks getting \$4,800, and individuals, among whom were many colored men, captured the balance. During the jostle and squeeze, George Thomas, a College student, was overcome by the heat, and was, with difficulty, extricated from the crowd. The friends of one bank were called at 3 A. M. under the belief that the early bird would catch the worm. Whether the time-clock on the bank's gate could not be hastened, or for other reasons, the polls did not open until 9 o'clock.

STOCK SALES.—Mr. E. Best purchased of parties here a head of mountain cattle, averaging 500 lbs. each. Also, three head scrub cattle larger than the above, at \$15.

A FIGHTING SCHOOL.—The untidy urinals of Prof. Samuel's school still continue to wage war between each other. Most any day, between the hours of 12 and 2, they can be seen in the rear of those of a knock-down. Well, after all, there is nothing like muscular training.

A GAB.—We were shown by Mr. Cyrus Moberly, recently, a peculiar species of fish called "Gab." It was about fifteen inches in length and had a bird-like bill, about four inches long. It tapers from both ends, and the entire creature, those of a snake. Mr. Moberly angled this snake-like fish out of the Kentucky River, where he says they are found in great abundance.

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LIGHTNING BUGS.—On a warm evening last week an old gentleman sitting on his piazza discovered a number of meteors darting into the tall tree-tops, which, upon applying a little attention instead of a runaway, proved to be lightning bugs, successful.

THE LITERARY CLUB.—Partially organized last week, and elected Prof. Lillard, President, and Mr. J. Wesley West, Secy. Another meeting on Friday night.

THE COURT OF CLAIMS.—Convened here last week had an application from a Paint Lake delegation for \$1,000, to assist in building that stream on the Lancaster and Kicksville turnpike. Refused.

COMMENCEMENT.—Franklin Institute will close the present term during the third week in June. There will be a baccalaureate sermon the Sunday previous. A Concert and the graduating exercises will occupy the programme of the last two days.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Wm. Worsell, of Chicago, is in town. Mr. Frank Phyllis, of Pa., is in town. Mr. McConfin Harkin, of the Harrodsburg Observer, was here recently. Miss Minnie Potter, was here recently. Hon. Mr. Dr. Francis has gone to Richmond in search of health. Our visit from Danville have been Col. D. W. Jones and wife, Mrs. J. A. Fisher, J. R. Dunlap, R. H. Dunlap, Ed. Cheek and Samuel Harkin. Col. S. P. Love, of Greenville, Mrs. J. R. Lawrence, of Crab Orchard, Mrs. Lient Scott, of Fort Bridge, Wyoming Territory, and Cadel Wm. Harte, of the Military Academy at Baton Rouge, La., are the guests of the Hon. G. W. Dunlap. Miss Sue Fennie returned from Louisville last Friday. Mr. Melville Vaughan is spending his week with the Bradleys, Sr. and Jr.

THE FUNERAL.—On Saturday last the distinguished Order of Juliennes held their annual meeting in a beautiful grave at Herringtonville, near the residence of Mr. J. H. Herring, the hospitable host of the affair. Including invited guests, among whom were Mr. W. L. Laine Thomas and Col. Mat Walton, of the Adjutant, there were about twenty persons assembled. Grand Soekolager R. M. Burdett presided over the meeting, assisted by the stately and venerable Lawgiver, Dr. Matthew Logan. Grand Orator, John W. Miller, delivered the annual address. Letters were read from President Hayes, General Grant and others, and Mr. John Lusk was widely initiated into the mystic rites of the quiet clan. The elegant feast that sharpened the wits of the members was prepared at Mr. W. A. Yanita's Restaurant, and comprehensively enjoyed. The following named officers were elected for the ensuing year, viz: Jas. A. Burnside, Grand Soekolager; Grand Orator, Dr. Elias Fisher; Senior Sapeucker, J. F. Robinson; Junior Sapeucker, John L. Lusk; Principal Knockemstiff, John S. Gill and Jas. Herring; Wise Men, J. K. Faulkner and Wm. Berkeley. After a season not quite as dry as Tice's weather calendar, the party dissolved to meet the ensuing year at the residence of P. G. S. B. M. Burdett.

PERSONAL.—Mr. and Mrs. F. Brinkley returned from their Western trip Tuesday evening. They did not go further than Emporia, Kansas, though Denver, Colorado, was their point of destination. At Emporia, however, Mrs. Brinkley's health became quite feeble, and they were compelled to return. Mr. W. T. Brooks, of Paris, Ky., is on a visit to his friends and relatives here. Mr. J. H. Brinkley, Esq. (Thinks), was town on Tuesday. Hon. R. P. Croomham, of Livingston, who was here at Court this week, tells us that he is rapidly disposing of a number of Missouri town lots for good prices.

DIED.—In Defton, Sauk county, Wisconsin, May 16th, 1879, Peter S. Weber, aged 74 years, 2 months and 5 days, a useful and highly respected citizen. He was born in New York State, and was twice married. He was the father of twelve children, eight of whom survive him. One of these last, Mr. W. M. Weber, of this place, and another in Mr. John R. Weber, of Chicago, Kansas, who died at this place. The Adams county (Wis.) in a half cent obituary of Mr. Weber, says: "Mr. Weber was a good man in all the relations of life. An affectionate husband, a kind and wise father, an upright citizen, a good neighbor and a firm friend. Full of years, respected by all and loved by those who knew him best, he sleeps the sleep of the just."

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We are so busy opening and arranging our new stock that we did not have time to say anything for this column last week, but propose now, to enlighten you somewhat in regard to the new things we have in dress goods, such as black cashmeres, Siamese silks, lace bindings, poplins, figured lawns, wash poplins, &c., &c. We are better able than ever before, to suit the taste of all. An all wool black cashmere, for 50 cents; white poplins, figured and corded; plain nanooks; chevron nanooks; striped nanooks; plain jacsonite checked and striped jacsonite; Victoria lawns; plain muslin; mull muslin; bishop lawn; white organdie; linen lawn; linen cambrie, in fact, every thing in the white goods line. White honey-comb, catenel, and Marcelline, quilts; red table linen, handsome and new patterns; damask table linen; towels, cravats, napkins, dusters, &c., &c. We have added to our stock, a line of all wool carpets, straw matting and floor oil cloths, and propose to duplicate city prices; cottons, ginghams, chertish shirting, cotton plaids, and ginghams. In all goods and prices, we still keep the lead in boots and shoes, for men, women and children. Men's fine calf boots and shoes, a specialty. The finest and cheapest lot of clothing we have ever had, especially in boys' and children's suits. Don't fail to see ours when looking for a suit for the boy. Something new in the zephyr line. A full line of zephyr talmas, very pretty and latest style. Still have a full line of zephyr, cashmere, Bertha and lace cashmere shawls. In madras, we have every thing in hose, gloves, silk mitts, embroidered gloves, silk handkerchiefs, linen, do, cotton edgings, hair edgings, handkerchiefs, towels, lace, hreton lace, star braid, feathered braid, silk buttons, gun buttons, vegetable ivory buttons, pearl buttons, corsets, in all the leading styles; silk and lace ties; silk bow tie, new chenille veillings in beige tissue, Brussels net, dotted net, &c. Hair brushes, tooth brushes, combs—dressing, fine, round and tall; looking glasses that make every one look well; some large ones with nice frames. We traded the other day for 125 yards house-made flax linen, the best thing for towels that can be had. Oil blinds in plain and banded and Holland, in all colors; lace curtains, new styles, from 15 cents per yard up. Don't fail to see them. Mosquito bars, in white and pink; trimming silks in all colors; ribbons, new shades; gentlemen's suspenders, half-hose, collars, cuffs, neckties, handkerchiefs and undershirt, gaiter, drawers, &c. The new thing for dresses—undrag ginghams, some very nice styles; umbrellas, parasols and fans. Beautiful is what they say about those new zephyr talmas, silk embroidered flannel for shirts.

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THE DROUGHT.—Is dissipated at last, and the farmers are happy. A most refreshing rain falling at dark Monday evening, and continued till 10 o'clock next morning. It was as gentle and as persuasive as a lover's moaning, and has brought life and health and beauty back in the earth, and all vegetation again.

WILSON.—Mr. B. R. Wilson and Miss ———, of Upper Creek, were married last Thursday. Bruce declined to run for the Legislature, but became a candidate for matrimony instead, and was elected in a hurry. He acted sensibly in the matter. To him and his bride we wish a life of usefulness and happiness.

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We are so busy opening and arranging our new stock that we did not have time to say anything for this column last week, but propose now, to enlighten you somewhat in regard to the new things we have in dress goods, such as black cashmeres, Siamese silks, lace bindings, poplins, figured lawns, wash poplins, &c., &c. We are better able than ever before, to suit the taste of all. An all wool black cashmere, for 50 cents; white poplins, figured and corded; plain nanooks; chevron nanooks; striped nanooks; plain jacsonite checked and striped jacsonite; Victoria lawns; plain muslin; mull muslin; bishop lawn; white organdie; linen lawn; linen cambrie, in fact, every thing in the white goods line. White honey-comb, catenel, and Marcelline, quilts; red table linen, handsome and new patterns; damask table linen; towels, cravats, napkins, dusters, &c., &c. We have added to our stock, a line of all wool carpets, straw matting and floor oil cloths, and propose to duplicate city prices; cottons, ginghams, chertish shirting, cotton plaids, and ginghams. In all goods and prices, we still keep the lead in boots and shoes, for men, women and children. Men's fine calf boots and shoes, a specialty. The finest and cheapest lot of clothing we have ever had, especially in boys' and children's suits. Don't fail to see ours when looking for a suit for the boy. Something new in the zephyr line. A full line of zephyr talmas, very pretty and latest style. Still have a full line of zephyr, cashmere, Bertha and lace cashmere shawls. In madras, we have every thing in hose, gloves, silk mitts, embroidered gloves, silk handkerchiefs, linen, do, cotton edgings, hair edgings, handkerchiefs, towels, lace, hreton lace, star braid, feathered braid, silk buttons, gun buttons, vegetable ivory buttons, pearl buttons, corsets, in all the leading styles; silk and lace ties; silk bow tie, new chenille veillings in beige tissue, Brussels net, dotted net, &c. Hair brushes, tooth brushes, combs—dressing, fine, round and tall; looking glasses that make every one look well; some large ones with nice frames. We traded the other day for 125 yards house-made flax linen, the best thing for towels that can be had. Oil blinds in plain and banded and Holland, in all colors; lace curtains, new styles, from 15 cents per yard up. Don't fail to see them. Mosquito bars, in white and pink; trimming silks in all colors; ribbons, new shades; gentlemen's suspenders, half-hose, collars, cuffs, neckties, handkerchiefs and undershirt, gaiter, drawers, &c. The new thing for dresses—undrag ginghams, some very nice styles; umbrellas, parasols and fans. Beautiful is what they say about those new zephyr talmas, silk embroidered flannel for shirts.

PERSONAL.—We were shown by Mr. Cyrus Moberly, recently, a peculiar species of fish called "Gab." It was about fifteen inches in length and had a bird-like bill, about four inches long. It tapers from both ends, and the entire creature, those of a snake. Mr. Moberly angled this snake-like fish out of the Kentucky River, where he says they are found in great abundance.

RAIN.—We have at last been blessed with a fine rain. Grass, corn and vegetation in general is putting forth a new life, and prospects are a little more encouraging than they have been heretofore. Some of our farmers have just finished planting corn for the third time this season. Notwithstanding the protracted dry spell, corn that has come up is looking exceedingly well.

PERSONAL.—Miss Lizzie Hawkins, of Lincoln, is the guest of Mrs. Dr. Montgomery. Wm. Kavanagh left on Saturday last for Cincinnati, where he will enter into the service of Messrs. Jennings & Ford as stock salesman. T. K. Hackley, our police and clever sewing machine agent, is canvassing Jackson county this week. Charles F. Ferrell is attending the Commencement at Emory College this week. Squire L. R. Scholer went to Cedar Bluff College this week to see his accomplished daughter, Miss Lizzie L., get her "sheepskin."

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

Mr. Vernon.

TOM CLARK'S new residence is approaching completion.

A NORMAL TERM.—In six weeks began at the Academy last Monday, with flattering prospects.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.—Next Saturday

AMIDE, OR THE SCHOOL GIRL'S
CONSTANCY.

A SCENE OF COLLEGE LIFE.

BY HON. ROBERT STAIN.

To his fellow-students he spoke in a feeling manner, admonishing them of the necessity of industry and energy, if they would attain the top where fame's proud temple-shafts are gathered in the intellectual field in which they are working, but the least must be active, and the hand and mind engaged, if they would pluck them. That while *studia dulcia est* in song in their ear, their rule of action should be *labor vincit omnia*. Soon they were to take their places amid the conflicts of life; soon you are to follow us, and take the place of those who are now acting their part upon the grand theatre of life.

Soon the positions of Church and State will descend upon you. Be prepared for every duty that awaits you, and though you may not attain the eminence attained by others, that, though you may not, like Longinus, become a living library, and a walking museum, you can do much to advance the cause of civil and religious freedom, and the perpetuation of those blessings and free institutions which you now enjoy, and which are soon to be committed to your hands. To his classmates he spoke of the time that were about to be severed, the pleasant associations of the past, and of the trial of the future.

Today we stand together, hand in hand. Each heart beats high, and joy pervades the hour. But to-morrow's sun shall bring the day when day's full will be hurrying away.

We must separate—the curtain is soon to fall and we see each other, perhaps, no more forever.

And, tho' not friendship's joys, no bright-eyed maid, Nor those loved scenes we loved so well, Can stay the path that time has made, And bid us speak the word farewell. Friends of my youth, good-bye— Now we have these scenes, we have And brush the gathering tear. To scenes and friends we never look, The world compels and we are gone. To you whose words are our guide, Your hearts shall ever glow, And bid us, and love, to work and all A long and fond farewell.

The exercises have closed, the benediction is uttered—the crowd moves off, parents and friends gather around. In that dense crowd there were many hearts glad at the success of the occasion. In one heart there beat a fond feeling of love, in her blue eye a tear of joy glistened. She would have shaken the hand in gratulation, but maiden diffidence, and the moving off of the crowd, prevented.

The morning of departure came. Ethel smiled on his Amede to bid her adieu, the tear gathered in the eye—the hand was grasped, the kiss imprinted, and the promise of fidelity given. The scene closed, and they are gone from the place so dear to them; she to her parental home, he to his, to sojourn for awhile, and then to a distant town to commence the study of the law.

During the year they kept up a regular correspondence, and at the next commencement, the young couple again met, and a joyful meeting to each, and pleasantly did they talk over the times of the past, and lay plans for the future, when was to be consummated their anticipated union, and the realization of their anticipated bliss.

Again they separated. In the course of time his studies were completed, and he entered upon the practice with flattering prospects of success, and from his genial manners and pleasant associations and industry, bright hopes of success were indulged that he might soon be in a condition to claim his loved Amede for his bride—but alas, what bright hopes were oftentimes blasted—what pleasant anticipations dissipated—so with Amede and Ethel. While they were about to extend the hand to pluck the long wished for flowers, a chilly frost came, and the flower withered.

The cry of arms, was heard in the sunny South. The roar of the cannon was booming upon the banks of the Rio Grande. General Taylor's little army had been attacked. Fort Brown had been surrounded and its surrender demanded. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, had been fought and won. The blood of our gallant soldiers had been shed. The gallant Barlow and others, had fallen, and through our flag waved in triumph over the field of battle, the blood of the slain, and the insult to our flag called aloud for revenge and satisfaction. Our whole country was aroused. The drum and the fife were heard, and the young and the noble respond to their country's call. The gallant Campbell and Davis have been commissioned to raise regiments to go to the succor of General Taylor, and to the standard of the former, Ethel and many of the most promising young men gather—and soon are on their way to the seat of war, far away in the enemy's country.

Before leaving he paid a visit to his fair Amede, who, at the time was on a visit to friends not far distant. They met—it was a sad meeting, and could feelings of attachment have prevented, she would have interposed, but duty to country must for the present

prevail. She regretted the circumstances that called him forth. She painted to him the dangers of the battle-field, and worse, the disease of a foreign climate, and the sad incidents of war. But true to her maiden vow, true to her virgin love, she bore it as best she could; she spoke of their engagement, and the hopes so recently indulged of the consummation of that hope in the near future—to be so suddenly dissipated, and that this might be their last meeting—she felt the shock, but must yield, he knew his duty, and go where duty called him. He thanked her for her sympathy and kindness. He thanked her for the assurance of her constancy, and her anxiety for his safe return, and tho' it was like severing the heart-strings that bound them together, with the hope that he who had thus tarried would preserve him amid the dangers of the battle-field and climate, and keep him free from all harm. And as the tear gathered in the eye, and the voice trembling with the word, good-bye, on their lips, she begged him to call again in the morning before leaving.

Prompt at the appointed time, they met, and after the morning salutations, they retired to a private room, when she drew from her bosom a beautiful picture of herself, in a lock, with a lock of her golden hair. "Take it, and for my sake, keep it, and when far away, and you look upon it, whether in the turmoil of the day, or amid the stillness of the night, think of me, your own constant and faithful Amede, and may you be happy, and when the war is over, come back in health and honor." With palpitating heart, the tear gathering in the eye of the devoted maiden, and in the eye of the soldier-man, he placed it in his bosom—gave her a fond kiss, pressed her hand with affectionate grasp, and they separated.

The Mexican forces had collected in large numbers at Monterey, far away, and had fortified it with seemingly insurmountable barriers to an invading army. To this place Gen. Taylor had taken his march and the volunteer forces were ordered to join him. Upon a beautiful morning in September, after many skirmishes and difficulties, the volunteer forces joined Gen. Taylor in sight of the city. Upon its heights stood the Bishop's Palace, and other strongly fortified places—the well arranged cannon for destruction were placed so as to mow down our troops. Laurels with the bright dress and shining lances appeared eager to pounce upon Taylor's little army and annihilate it. Taylor viewed the situation. Worth was sent with his gallant corps to effect an entrance, and bring on the battle, the signal soon announced that he had succeeded; the enemy was in confusion; the volunteer forces were ordered up; the Bishop's Palace was stormed; success attended our army. Our country's flag was raised in triumph, and the enemy vanquished—but at what a cost to regulars and volunteers! Many fell to rise no more—others less fortunate, fell with wounds to linger and die. The history of that conflict need not be repeated here.

Campbell's regiment suffered severely, and among those reported mortally wounded after victory was secured, fell Ethel, a ball had struck him near the seat of life, and he was carried to a place of safety, and every attention that could be given was paid him. One of his intimate comrades, Frank, and the surgeon, watched over, and dressed his wound. Upon removing his vest, the cloak was seen, and the ball had left its impress upon it. This, it was found, upon probing, had diverted the direction of the ball, but the wound was thought to be mortal. Soon the news of the battle and its result was carried to the States. The papers announced the victory and the loss to our army, regular and volunteer. With what anxiety the people awaited the list of killed and wounded. It came, and many a heart was made to bleed, and many a home made sad, and filled with mourning. Many a brave one had fallen in the conflict. How sad was that maiden's heart at the news of the fall of him with whom she had so recently separated under such peculiar circumstances—and whom she had bid farewell with such fond wishes for his safety—but Amede was not alone in her sorrow for the loved and lost.

For many weary and painful weeks did Ethel lay, while beside, his faithful friend, Frank, watched over him until at last, by close attention and nursing, he seemed to gain hope and confidence that all was not lost. Ethel's fine constitution and otherwise good health, and freedom from other physical disabilities, slowly gained strength, until at last, it was thought that recovery was secured. The healthy climate and pure air, and good attention and nursing, had much to do with his recovery. His friend Frank had to leave him, duty calling him away. No message had been received from Amede since the wound. Communication was almost cut off with that section, and the States, except through military sources and channels. The natives, among whom Ethel was, were kind to him.

Frank, before leaving to go to his command, saw that his friend might recover, but he still lingered with him, reluctant to leave one to whom he was tenderly attached. Finally, when Ethel was able to converse, he called

Frank to him, and in a feeling manner informed him of the relations that existed between him and Amede—confiding in him the secrets of his affections, and entreating him, if he never saw him or her again—if he never again should see the friends of his youth, and the home of his childhood, to which he looked back with so much tenderness and love, and he should be permitted to behold the face of her he loved, say to her, you were with me in my sad condition, and my feelings are warm still for her. He told him all, and in a sad and mournful mood, the friends separated.

With the closing of the winter, Ethel was able to travel. His regiment had returned to their homes, yet he, though unable for the performance of any duty, was sent on with others, until he finally conceived the bold resolution of joining the army again for protection, if not for fight, that in his crippled condition he might render some service to his country, and in the Spring-time he is found, with others, upon his way to Santa Fe. Many changes had taken place since the battle of Monterey. The little of Buena Vista had been fought and won. General Kearney had entered the "ancient city of Santa Fe, and planted the stars and stripes upon her walls—the pathfinder with his brave comrades had erected the standard of Independence in Lower California. Scott had captured the city of Vera Cruz; Cerro Gordo had fallen, and Scott, with his victorious army was marching on the capital of the enemy, Guerrilla parties and robbers, and Cuernavaca, still infested the country, cutting off supplies and communications, and after many hardships and troubles, Ethel landed in Santa Fe, and again breathed free under the protection of the old flag. He continued to improve, but could hear nothing from his friends and home. He had frequently written since Frank left him, but no answer came.

With the summer, came the conclusion of peace and the disbanding of the army. New enterprises were inaugurated, he had been honorably discharged from the army. Gold had been discovered in California, and a general rush was made to that region in quest of gold and fortune. Thither the young and adventurous directed their way, and among those who sought the golden State was Ethel. He soon found himself in a situation of usefulness among those with whom he associated, by his professional knowledge and advice. He commenced professional business under very flattering auspices. He opened an office in the growing town of —, soon to grow into a city. Emigration poured in, gold was found in abundance, fabulous fortunes made in a short time. Every kind of labor and occupation paid well, and Ethel soon found himself in a lucrative practice, but such was the rush and excitement, that little news was received except that pertaining to the rich discoveries. One idea seemed to take hold of every one, the accumulation of a fortune, if they perished with hunger. Such was the influx of people, that cities sprang up like magic, and to Ethel his fortune was secured in such a short time that it seemed to him like a dream.

But let us return to the States and to Amede. She had never heard a word from him since the news of the fatal wound. She had ceased to hope for his return. She had written often, but no answer. The weeks of mourning were laid aside, yet, with a heart, constant and true, that still beat with love for the lost and loved. She was still bowed down under the bitter stroke, and, though at times, to the outer-world, she seemed gay and cheerful, and the merry voice was heard, and her sweet song was warbled upon the breeze and in the hall, yet, the memory of the loss was ever present, and real, purifying her for the meeting in another and better state. She was beautiful, and her goodness and genial manners, her amiable character and social position had for her the respect and esteem of her sex, and the admiration of the other sex. Many had sought her company, and would have gladly sought her hand, but there was a something that seemed to warn them against the approach. No admittance would be given to those who sought her hand, but Amede was not alone in her sorrow for the loved and lost.

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stow this hand upon one, no matter how worthy and high his position, when the heart's pure affections are buried in the grave with him, who would and won it long ago, and in whom my purest affections were given, with the promise, at separation of fidelity and constancy. Faithful to the end will I prove."

One night as Amede lay beside her devoted friend, Irene, she dreamed of the past—the days of her childhood, of the associates at school. She dreamed of Ethel—she dreamed that she stood by his side on the banks of the Holston, he appeared the same noble form, her hand rested on his arm, and her eye looked up into his, as it were, to catch every word that fell from his lips. In health and happiness they were together. By her friend she was oftentimes heard to whisper, as it were, in her dreams. She seemed restless, and when they arose in the morning, her friend realized her of her restlessness and conduct during the night. She seemed and thoughtful, the tear-drops glittered like diamonds upon the eyelashes, and at the breakfast table she ate but little. She longed to tell her friend, Irene, her dream, but dared not. She left the table—she sought the parlor alone, took her seat by the piano, a habit not usual of late. She began to move her fingers over the keys, and in her sweet voice, began to sing the favorite song of him she loved, and which she had not attempted since the news of his fall, and as she sang the words "Of other days around me," she ceased. She laid her head upon her hand, on the keys—her mother and Irene, attracted by the sound and music, entered, and were alarmed at the sight that met their eager eyes. Her mother hastily approached and inquired if she was ill, and without waiting for a response, called for someone to summon a physician. Amede arose, pale and trembling, "mother, I am not ill. I have, dear mother, ever tried to be faithful and obedient to you, and consistent to all. I have had your pious example and precept to guide and direct me. You have read to me, the Bible from childhood, and have impressed its truths upon my mind, and from its truths and teachings, I hope I have been benefited—those truths and teachings I firmly believe, and without that belief, and following the counsels, and living up to its requirements, there is no safety to me. But, oh, mother, is it inconsistent with the great and Allwise policy and benevolent government of our Creator, that He should permit His creatures, weak and feeble as they are, like the saints and good prophets of old, at times in their wanderings in dreamland, to see things, and dream dreams, that have the impress of truth and verity upon them. Last night I dreamed that Ethel and I stood upon the banks of the river, not the Jordan, but the Holston, in health and appearance like years ago, and such is the impression made upon my mind, that this morning I attempted to play and sing that little song so dear to him, but my feelings gave way. Do not scold me, mother, for this seeming departure from Bible teachings, but I am firm in the resolution, be that dream meaningless or not, never to marry, never to give this heart to another while the heart's virgin love is buried in the grave." She would have fallen but for the timely assistance of Irene, who caught her and laid her on the sofa. A physician summoned, she was carried to the bed. Such had been the shock, that fever succeeded, and in her sleep and fevered moments, her cries for him, the lost, excited to a high degree, the alarm of physicians, parents and friends.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When the waters of Niagara first flushed with delight in the smile of Princess Louise, she said, "Don't speak; let me drink in the whole scene; and subsequently remarked, 'I never have seen, and never shall see such a grand sight again. What I would have missed had I not seen it.' If Princess Louise, when standing in view of the falls, had simply said, 'Don't speak,' and kept silence herself, the effect would have been better. When Grant was gazing on the ruins of the Coliseum, he merely rolled his cigar over in his mouth, and remarked to his companion, in a tone full of feeling, 'Let's take something to drink.'

Says Jones: "When I see Mrs. J. in the clothes-yard, both arms as red as a boiled lobster, bared to the elbow and stretched high above her in their struggles with an unruly sheet, an apron over head, her hair in her eyes and a clothes-pin protruding from her mouth, it seems impossible that she is one and the same with the Miss Stebbins I used to feed on peppermint, and about whom I used to rave so."—(Boston Transcript.)

Calves.—The thickest calves should be closely watched when turned to pasture, lest they be attacked with "black quarter." This is the effect of too rank and watery food, which impairs digestion. An ounce of Epsom salts may be given with great advantage to each calf when turned out, as a precaution against this frequent danger.

The most treacherous memory in the world belongs to a young man with a new watch.

Amede, when alone, brooded over her loss, and reasoned with herself as to the barrier that utterly forbid her to make the sacrifice, and to herself, would say, "Is it right? Can I be-

stow this hand upon one, no matter how worthy and high his position, when the heart's pure affections are buried in the grave with him, who would and won it long ago, and in whom my purest affections were given, with the promise, at separation of fidelity and constancy. Faithful to the end will I prove."

One night as Amede lay beside her devoted friend, Irene, she dreamed of the past—the days of her childhood, of the associates at school. She dreamed of Ethel—she dreamed that she stood by his side on the banks of the Holston, he appeared the same noble form, her hand rested on his arm, and her eye looked up into his, as it were, to catch every word that fell from his lips. In health and happiness they were together. By her friend she was oftentimes heard to whisper, as it were, in her dreams. She seemed restless, and when they arose in the morning, her friend realized her of her restlessness and conduct during the night. She seemed and thoughtful, the tear-drops glittered like diamonds upon the eyelashes, and at the breakfast table she ate but little. She longed to tell her friend, Irene, her dream, but dared not. She left the table—she sought the parlor alone, took her seat by the piano, a habit not usual of late. She began to move her fingers over the keys, and in her sweet voice, began to sing the favorite song of him she loved, and which she had not attempted since the news of his fall, and as she sang the words "Of other days around me," she ceased. She laid her head upon her hand, on the keys—her mother and Irene, attracted by the sound and music, entered, and were alarmed at the sight that met their eager eyes. Her mother hastily approached and inquired if she was ill, and without waiting for a response, called for someone to summon a physician. Amede arose, pale and trembling, "mother, I am not ill. I have, dear mother, ever tried to be faithful and obedient to you, and consistent to all. I have had your pious example and precept to guide and direct me. You have read to me, the Bible from childhood, and have impressed its truths upon my mind, and from its truths and teachings, I hope I have been benefited—those truths and teachings I firmly believe, and without that belief, and following the counsels, and living up to its requirements, there is no safety to me. But, oh, mother, is it inconsistent with the great and Allwise policy and benevolent government of our Creator, that He should permit His creatures, weak and feeble as they are, like the saints and good prophets of old, at times in their wanderings in dreamland, to see things, and dream dreams, that have the impress of truth and verity upon them. Last night I dreamed that Ethel and I stood upon the banks of the river, not the Jordan, but the Holston, in health and appearance like years ago, and such is the impression made upon my mind, that this morning I attempted to play and sing that little song so dear to him, but my feelings gave way. Do not scold me, mother, for this seeming departure from Bible teachings, but I am firm in the resolution, be that dream meaningless or not, never to marry, never to give this heart to another while the heart's virgin love is buried in the grave." She would have fallen but for the timely assistance of Irene, who caught her and laid her on the sofa. A physician summoned, she was carried to the bed. Such had been the shock, that fever succeeded, and in her sleep and fevered moments, her cries for him, the lost, excited to a high degree, the alarm of physicians, parents and friends.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When the waters of Niagara first flushed with delight in the smile of Princess Louise, she said, "Don't speak; let me drink in the whole scene; and subsequently remarked, 'I never have seen, and never shall see such a grand sight again. What I would have missed had I not seen it.' If Princess Louise, when standing in view of the falls, had simply said, 'Don't speak,' and kept silence herself, the effect would have been better. When Grant was gazing on the ruins of the Coliseum, he merely rolled his cigar over in his mouth, and remarked to his companion, in a tone full of feeling, 'Let's take something to drink.'

MARKET.
The retail prices for provisions, at the principal stores.

Butter, cream, 10c; Butter, salt, 9c; Eggs, fresh, 15c; Flour, 10c; Sugar, 10c; Coffee, 10c; Tea, 10c; Rice, 10c; Beans, 10c; Corn, 10c; Potatoes, 10c; Apples, 10c; Oranges, 10c; Lemons, 10c; Peaches, 10c; Plums, 10c; Cherries, 10c; Strawberries, 10c; Raspberries, 10c; Blackberries, 10c; Currants, 10c; Grapes, 10c; Figs, 10c; Dates, 10c; Olives, 10c; Almonds, 10c; Walnuts, 10c; Pistachios, 10c; Macadamia, 10c; Pecans, 10c; Cashews, 10c; Brazil, 10c; Copra, 10c; Coconut, 10c; Palm, 10c; Olive, 10c; Castor, 10c; Linseed, 10c; Cottonseed, 10c; Safflower, 10c; Mustard, 10c; Turmeric, 10c; Annatto, 10c; Cloves, 10c; Cinnamon, 10c; Nutmeg, 10c; Mace, 10c; Cardamom, 10c; Vanilla, 10c; Sassafras, 10c; Wintergreen, 10c; Eucalyptus, 10c; Peppermint, 10c; Spearmint, 10c; Fennel, 10c; Dill, 10c; Parsley, 10c; Celery, 10c; Asparagus, 10c; Artichokes, 10c; Cauliflower, 10c; Broccoli, 10c; Brussels, 10c; Turnips, 10c; Potatoes, 10c; Onions, 10c; Garlic, 10c; Shallots, 10c; Leeks, 10c; Spring onions, 10c; 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